SPIDER-WOMAN® 9

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CIVIL WAR™ II

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SPIDER-WOMAN

WHEN JESSICA DREW'S FATHER INJECTED HIS DAUGHTER WITH A SERUM DERIVED FROM SPIDER BLOOD TO CURE HER OF A RARE ILLNESS, SHE GAINED THE PROPORTIONAL SPEED, STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF A SPIDER; ADHESIVE FINGERTIPS AND TOES; THE ABILITY TO CONSCIOUSLY AFFECT HER PHEROMONE PRODUCTION, AND A UNIQUE BIOELECTRIC BLAST EMMITTED FROM HER FINGERTIPS. SHE'S BEEN A SUPERSPY, AN AVENGER, AND NOW SHE'S EMBARKING ON HER GREATEST ADVENTURE YET -- MOTHERHOOD.

RECENTLY, SPIDER-WOMAN AND THE REST OF THE SUPER HERO COMMUNITY TURNED BACK AN ALIEN INVASION THANKS TO THE PRECOGNITIVE VISION OF A NEW INHUMAN NAMED ULYSSES. BUT LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT ULYSSES AND A DEBATE IS FORMING REGARDING WHETHER OR NOT HIS VISIONS SHOULD BE TRUSTED.

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WHY CAN'T SUPER HEROES GO FIVE MINUTES WITHOUT HAULING OFF AND PUTTING THE FATE OF THE WORLD INTO THEIR OWN HANDS?

WELL, THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE ALL A BUNCH OF--

ARROGANT.

JUDGMENTAL.

SELF-RIGHTEOUS.

JACKASSES.

...ALREADY IN PROGRESS. OFFICIALS NHAVE REJECTED CALLS FOT

IT'S NOT OUR FAULT REALLY.

THE VOCATION ATTRACTS A CERTAIN PERSONALITY TYPE. IT'S OUR NATURE.

PIT A BUNCH OF OBSESSIVE TYPE-A THRILL SEEKERS AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY? LOOK OUT.

BUT ASK THAT SAME GROUP TO ***WAIT A FEW SECONDS*** AND MAYBE TRY TALKING THINGS OUT?

THINGS CAN GET GRIM, DARK, AND UGLY IN A HURRY.

ONE END OF THE WORLD SCENARIO A YEAR IS ENOUGH FOR ME, THANKS VERY MUCH.

SPIDER-WOMAN IS WAY TOO BUSY FOR THAT @#$%.

I'M STEERING CLEAR AND STAYING OUT FOR A WHILE.

BZZZZ BZZZZ BZ...

BZZZZ BZZZZ BZZZZ

WHICH WOULD BE A WHOLE LOT EASIER IF CAPTAIN MARVEL--

--WOULD LEARN TO TAKE A HINT.

BZZZZZ

CAROL DANVERS

CAROL'S BEEN BUGGING ME NONSTOP ABOUT SOME NEW *INHUMAN*.

SAYS HE'S A GAMECHANGER IN A BIG WAY. I CAN'T GET OFF THE PHONE FAST ENOUGH.

WHATEVER SHE'S UP TO, I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT. I *CAN'T HAVE* ANY PART OF IT.

JESS! OVER HERE.

SAVED BY THE BEARD.

IGNORE

LITTLE GERRY'S SNOOZING LIKE A CHAMP.

AND BEN'S UP THERE TYPING A STORY OR WHATEVER SO WE'RE GOOD TO POKE AROUND.

THIS BACKGROUND INFO THE MOUNTIES SENT US TO PREPARE IS PRETTY OUT THERE, MAN.

"THE CANNIBAL IS OVERCOME BY HIS OWN GREED AND GLUTTONY. HIS VERY HUMANITY BEGINS TO MELT AWAY. WHEN ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE PHYSICAL EMBODIMENT OF HIS INSATIABLE HUNGER... THE WENDIGO IS BORN."

FEAR!

ATTACK!

SAYS HERE ANYBODY CAN BECOME A WENDIGO. ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS GOBBLE UP SOME HUMAN FLESH WHILE STANDING ON CANADIAN SOIL.

HA. IS THAT ALL?

BUT I SUPPOSE THEY'RE PAYING US GOOD CANADIAN MONEY TO BE HERE, ROGER. WE MIGHT AS WELL PLAY ALONG.

IS THERE ANY *USEFUL* INTEL IN THERE?

NOT A WHOLE LOT. BASICALLY JUST SAYS WENDIGO REPORTS ARE WAY, WAY UP THIS YEAR.

LOTS MORE MISSING PERSONS AND WILD ANIMAL MAULINGS THAN USUAL.

WOULD HAVE TO BE. NOTHING ELSE UP HERE.

WELL, OKAY THEN. LET'S EAVESDROP THE WELCOME DINNER.

TONIGHT
WELCOME DINNER
SMOKED MEAT

YOU TAKE THE TURTLENECKS. I'LL DO THE SWEATERS.

OKAY, MAN. HA. BUT TRY NOT TO EAT ANY *PEOPLE*.

HEH. ALWAYS A CHALLENGE.

BZZZZ BZZZZ

OH. MY. GOD.

LISTEN, LADY, YOU ARE MY PERSON AND I LOVE YOU.

BUT IF YOU DON'T STOP CALLING ME--

CAROL, I'M *WORKING!*

THE KIND OF JOB THAT PAYS MY STUPID BILLS!

YOU KNOW WHY.

BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO--

I WILL. I PROMISE.

JUST AS SOON AS WE'RE FINISHED WITH THIS WENDIGO THING.

WHOA... GET A LOAD OF THESE TWO.

WHISPER-SCHEMING SOMETHING FIERCE.

DEFINITELY UP TO NO KIND OF GOOD.

WHAT'S THE WORD, CHEF BOYARDEE?

YOU HIDING A WHOLE BUNCHA YETIS BACK THERE?

JESS, MAN, I'M GETTING THE VIBE. GONNA GO PEEP IN THE KITCHEN AND--

IT WAS *NOT* AN ALPHA FLIGHT JOKE.

WE ARE LITERALLY WENDIGO HUNTING IN CANADA RIGHT NOW.

COOL. YOU DO YOU.

I'LL BRB.

CAROL... STOP TALKING.

I'M HANGING UP NOW.

FSSS

MOVE THOSE *BUTTS*, PEOPLE!

I WANT SMOKED MEAT PLATED.

ORDERS UP AND OUT IN 10--

--OR CONSIDER YOURSELVES--

VEGIES

--TOMORROW'S MEAT.

JESS, MAN, YOU HEARING ME?

CHOP

CHO

PLEASE BE HEARING ME.

I'M RIGHT HERE, ROGER. WHAT'S UP?

WHERE ARE YOU?

I'M IN THE COOLER.

WHAT COOLER?

THE MEAT COOLER. THE WALK-IN.

DON'T. LET. ANYBODY. EAT THE SMOKED MEATS.

YOU HAVE TO CATCH ME UP, ROGER. I DON'T--

THE *LEGEND*, MAN.

THESE CREEPS ARE DOING IT.

THEY'RE FEEDING PEOPLE...

...PEOPLE.

HRRM?

THOSE SMOKED MEATS...

...ARE *MAN* MEATS, MAN.

MEAT!

IS!

MURDER!

KAZAT KAZAT

KAZ

GASP! SSSS

OH!

DAB!

THAT SANDWICH HAD A *FACE* ONCE, LADY!

KAZAT

CLANK

NO!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

FLAP

STUPID VEGANS!

OUTTA MY KITCHEN!

ACHUNK

RUINING EVERYTHING!

WUH-OH.

GRRR

SMASH

+SIGH+

THUMP

HOTEL

RAAAWRR!

BLAM

GUNS AREN'T USUALLY MY STYLE, HARRY HENDERSON.

BUT MY MOUNTIE FRIENDS TELL ME THESE GRIZZLY TRANQUILIZER DARTS ARE PROVEN WINNERS.

GUARANTEED TO INCAPACITATE ANY AND ALL IMAGINARY ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN OR MY MONEY BACK.

PAF

DAD! WHAT'S GOING ON?!

WHO KNOWS?

CANADIANS ARE WEIRD.

MUNCH MUNCH

NOW ALL I NEED TO DO...

PFFT PFFT PFFT

GRAAAWL...

...IS ACTUALLY *HIT* YOU WITH ONE OF THEM.

NO WORRIES THERE THOUGH.

YOU'RE TALKING TO--

--A TWO-TIME RECIPIENT--

--OF THE S.H.I.E.L.D. CADET--

HUURRRGH...

--MOST-IMPROVED MARKSWOMAN AWARD.

GUH!

SWIPE

THWAK

OKAY, THEN...

MAYBE I'LL JUST--

ZOO

FLUMPF

YOU'RE WELCOME.

FLOP

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU--

OH, NO, I GOT IT, SISTER.

YOU'RE BUSY!

YOU'RE *WORKING!*

DAMN RIGHT!

WORKING REAL HARD CHASING SNOWBALLS DOWN A MOUNTAIN...

...IN YOUR DUMBASS POWDER BLUE SKI SUIT!

MY SKI SUIT IS *AWESOME!*

WHATEVER. YOU SAID WE COULD TALK WHEN YOU FINISHED WITH THE JOB.

SO, I FINISHED IT.

YOU HAD NO RIGHT!

RIGHT...GOD FORBID I STICK MY NOSE INTO YOUR SKUNK APE WRESTLING!

JESS, MAN... YOU GOT A MINUTE?

GO AHEAD, ROGER.

YEAH... SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR YELLING...

BUT I COULD REALLY USE A HAND UP HERE WHEN YOU GET A MINUTE.

GAAAHH!!

HEY, NO PROBLEM.

I'D BE HAPPY TO FLY YOUR CRABBY BUTT BACK UP THE MOUNTAIN TO HELP PUT OUT THIS EMBARRASSING WENDIGO FIRE.

THIS IS A SIMPLE COINCIDENCE.

BY NO MEANS HAVE YOU WON THIS ARGUMENT.

APOLOGY ACCEPTED.

KSSSSSH

I HAVE NEVER WONDERED THAT.

JUST PUT ME DOWN.

AND YOU WONDER WHY NOBODY LIKES YOU.

BIG-TIME SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, MAN.

I WAS REALLY STARTING TO FEEL--

--OVERWHELMED HERE!

ALL I NEEDED WAS *TEN* MINUTES--

--OF MY *BEST DAMNED FRIEND'S* TIME.

SOMEHOW THAT'S *TOO MUCH* TO ASK ALL OF THE SUDDEN?

NO. IT ISN'T. YOU *KNOW* IT ISN'T.

BUT WHEN YOU ASK AND SHE TELLS YOU TO BUGGER OFF--

YOU BUGGER OFF!

OVERBEARING!

SELF-RIGHTEOUS!

BWOK

WHOA...

CROC

NEVER MET ANYBODY SO STUBBORN.

BWAK

OH, LOOK IN A MIRROR!

...

CAN WE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE JUST GO #$@% TALK SOMEWHERE?!

FINE!

HIS NAME IS ULYSSES.

UNTIL RECENTLY, JUST A NORMAL KID.

THE INHUMAN COCOON THING HAPPENS AND BLAMMO...

...NOW HE PREDICTS THE FUTURE.

EVERYTHING I'VE SEEN INDICATES THAT ULYSSES' VISIONS ARE ON-POINT...

...BUT WE HAVEN'T DONE OUR HOMEWORK ON HIM *OR* HIS ABILITIES YET. THE SMALLER STUFF...IT'S HARD TO SAY FROM AFAR.

IF THE VISIONS ARE AS ACCURATE AS WE THINK, THIS COULD BE A GAME CHANGER.

WE'RE TALKING NIPPING ALL THE BADDIES IN THEIR BUDS.

WE'RE TALKING RIGHT PLACE, RIGHT TIME, EVERY TIME.

WE'RE TALKING AND TALKING AND TALKING.

YOU'VE TOLD ME ALL OF THIS BEFORE, CAROL. MULTIPLE TIMES.

GIMME THAT LITTLE BURPER.

BECAUSE YOU NEVER LET ME FINISH.

EXACTLY RIGHT!

THAT'S ME NOT WANTING TO HEAR IT.

NOT WANTING ANY PART OF IT.

AND THERE IT IS.

YOU ARE IMPARTIAL, UNBIASED, AND UNINTERESTED.

WHICH MAKES YOU *PERFECT* FOR THIS.

PERFECT FOR WHAT?

DAMMIT, BEN.

HEY, YOU TWO OBVIOUSLY AREN'T PLANNING TO LET ME WRITE SO...

I'M ASKING QUESTIONS.

IT'S WHAT I DO.

I NEED SOMEONE TO VET THE KID'S VISIONS.

ALL OF THE BIG ONES HAVE COME TRUE. NO QUESTION. SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES.

BUT SOME OF THIS SMALLER STUFF... IT'S HARD TO SAY FROM AFAR.

I FIGURE YOU THREE COULD TAKE A LOOK.
TELL ME HE'S AS LEGIT AS I THINK HE IS.
OR IF I'M WRONG, TELL ME THAT.
WHY WOULD YOU PUT ME IN THIS POSITION?
BRRRRPP
HEY...
I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO VET *EVERYTHING* HE PREDICTS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.
YOU'RE MY BACKGROUND CHECK BEFORE I HIRE THIS KID FULL-TIME.
IT'S A JOB OFFER. GOVERNMENT-PAID.
I JUST NEED A DETECTIVE.
JESS, MAN. WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ELSE GOING ON. COULD ALWAYS USE THE SCRATCH.
BRRRRPP
MIGHT MAKE FOR QUITE A STORY.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, BOYO?
BRRRRRP
OUTNUMBERED AS USUAL.
FINE.
WE'LL TAKE IT.

NEXT:

SPIDER-WOMAN 10

ZONE